

WEIRD TERROR

SEPT
NO. 1

GHOSTLY TALES OF SPINE-CHILLING HORROR

WEIRD TERROR

10c
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YOU ARE
TRAPPED...HEH, HEH!
TRAPPED IN THE
DUNGEON OF THE
DOOMED!



COMIC
MEDIA

IRON
TECK



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New Scientific Formula Called Comate May Help You

Save Your Hair



If you are troubled by thinning hair, dry itchy scalp, dandruff, if you fear approaching baldness—here is GOOD NEWS!

Now available to you is the amazing new Comate Medicinal Formula, developed after years of painstaking research. Comate effectively controls seborrhea—the scalp disease now believed by many leading doctors to be the most common

cause of hair loss and eventual baldness. These doctors declare that three types of dangerous scalp organisms are the cause of this scalp disease: staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and corynebacterium acnes.

First, Comate was put to a series of rigid tests on cultures of these hair-destroying bacteria. HERE ARE THE STARTLING RESULTS!

PROOF 1

Comate Medicinal Formula killed the three test cultures—staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, corynebacterium acnes—in 60 seconds! Report #8099, June 17, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

Our research chemists were still not satisfied. Yes, Comate had proved itself in the test tube, but would Comate work as well on the human hair and scalp? And so another—a second—series of

experiments was prescribed, to test Comate on the hair and scalps of men and women. Here is the remarkable performance of Comate when applied directly to the human scalp.

PROOF 2

Comate Medicinal Formula, applied directly to scalps of men and women, killed 88.4% of all scalp bacteria, after 15 minutes application. Report #26635, December 14, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

After this proof of success both in the laboratory and on the scalps of men and women, Comate was put to the third test—the toughest of them all. Comate was sold by the thousands on

a DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE in a number of typical American areas. In 3 short months we have learned that our work and faith in Comate have been vindicated.

PROOF 3

Letters of gratitude hailing Comate have poured into our offices. By word-of-mouth the amazing results with Comate have been told far more effectively than we could in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of Comate users have asked for and received double their money back. Imagine! 98.1% of our customers were delighted with the sensational results from Comate Formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Read the PROOF from the laboratory tests—the PROOF from the scalp tests—the PROOF in the letters of gratitude from happy men and women who have found Comate the answer to their scalp troubles.

Comate must accomplish for you what it has for thousands of men and women. You must be completely satisfied, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY will be returned to you. We take all the risk.

Not even Comate can grow hair from dead hair follicles—so DON'T DELAY—put the no-risk coupon while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-healthier looking hair. Mail the coupon TODAY.

Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN From Live Hair Follicles

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D.W.G., C/O FPO, N.Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piquette, Ohio

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R.H., Corona, Cal.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker. I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G.E., Alberta, Canada

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—D.M.H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F.J.K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J.E., Lisbon, Ga.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L.W.W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H.J., McComb, Miss.

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 6009-C
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00 plus postal charges.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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EX-GESTAPO COLONEL ERIC HAUSNER
 FLED TO SOUTH AMERICA TO
 ESCAPE THE HORROR AND MADNESS
 THAT WAS ADOLPH HITLER AND
 NAZI GERMANY-- BUT HE MADE
 THE MISTAKE OF NOT LISTENING
 TO OR BELIEVING THE TERRIBLE
 CURSES OF A DYING MAN. WHEN
 THE WEIRD HORDES OF HELL
 SPEWED FORTH TO CLAIM HIM--
 NOTHING ON THIS EARTH COULD
 STOP HIM FROM SEEING...

HITLER'S HEAD!



HAUSNER! YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH
 ME! DO YOU HEAR ME, HAUSNER? YOU'RE
 JOINING ME AND MY DEMONS IN HELL!
 HA, HA, HA!

N-NO! GET BACK TO YOUR ROTTING TOMB!
 THIS IS A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! SHOOT
 THEM, MEN! SHOOT THEM!
 SHOOT THEM!



**THE PLACE--A HUGE CASTLE COURTYARD IN THE
 JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA FAR FROM THE BIG
 CITIES. THE TIME--EARLY MORNING NOT SO LONG
 AGO... TWELVE MEN FACING A SINGLE TARGET...**



GOOD! YOU HAVE NOT LOST YOUR AIM! THAT IS A GREAT CONSOLATION! DISMISSED!



ERIC--WHAT HAS COME OVER YOU? YOU ARE FRIGHTENED OF YOUR OWN SHADOW! WHY SHOULD YOUR BODYGUARD NEED TARGET PRACTICE!



SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAS HAPPENED. DOCTOR! ORDINARILY, I AM A BRAVE MAN! BUT--NOW I'M NOT SURE!

YOU KNOW WHY WE ARE HERE, GERHARDT! WE ARE ALL NAZIS-- AND WE ESCAPED INTO THIS COUNTRY! BUT WHAT IF I WERE TO TELL YOU THAT SOMEONE-- SOMETHING ELSE FOLLOWED US...



WHO COULD THAT BE, ERIC? WE BOTH KNOW ALL WHO ARE HERE! ALL OF US HAVE TAKEN ASSUMED IDENTITIES!



YES! I'M KNOWN AS EMILIO HARODA, THE WEALTHY IMPORTER--INSTEAD OF ERIC HAUSNER, THE GESTAPO COLONEL! BUT LAST NIGHT--WELL--LET ME TELL IT TO YOU FROM THE BEGINNING...



"YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED THOSE LAST DAYS IN GERMANY! THE ALLIES AND THE RUSSIANS HAD SURROUNDED BERLIN. WE WERE BOMBARDED FOR DAYS--AND DEATH AND DESTRUCTION WERE EVERYWHERE..."



"HITLER WAS IN HIS SECRET VAULT UNDER THE REICH CHANCELLERY. ALL THE TOP NAZIS WERE THERE --GOEBELS, HIMMLER, SCHULTZ, KRAMER... AND I! HE SHRIEKED AND CURSED ME..."

YOU HAVE NOT KILLED ENOUGH, HAUSNER! YOUR CONCENTRATION CAMP REPORTS HAVE NOT BEEN GORY ENOUGH! MURDER IS WHAT I ORDERED. I WANT MORE DEAD!



BUT THE WAR IS LOST... I CAN'T KILL ANYMORE!

LIE! TREACHERY! COME BACK HERE, YOU PIG! I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU, YOU DIE WITH ME FOR YOUR CHICKEN-HEARTED SQUEAMISHNESS! COME BACK! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!



I CAN AND I WILL! YOU'RE DYING AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF THE DEAD! GOODYE FOREVER, FUHRER!

YOU KNOW THE REST! WE ESCAPED BY SUBMARINE AT A SECRET DOCK ON THE SEACOAST--! YOU MET ME THERE--AND WITH OUR MEN, WE ESCAPED! SO FAR, WE HAVE REMAINED UNDETECTED, BUT--



YES--? GO ON!

"LAST NIGHT, I AWAKENED SUDDENLY TERROR-STRICKEN! I IMAGINED A FIGURE IN BLACK STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF MY ROOM... HOVERING OVER ME..."

UH--I--OH...WHAT A NIGHTMARE! WAIT! THERE IS SOMEONE IN MY ROOM! W-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?



IT IS YOUR FUHRER, HAUSNER! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD REALLY ESCAPE ME? I CAME BACK FROM HELL FOR YOU!

IIIIIIIIII! HELP! CARL--HANS! HELP!

"IT CAME FOR ME WITH OUTSTRETCHED CLAWS-- SOMEHOW, IT HAD CHANGED INTO AN EVEN MORE EVIL MONSTER! IT'S FETID BREATH AND BLOODSHOT EYES WERE CLOSE TO MY FACE! I SPRANG BACK FRANTICALLY--SCREAMING WITH MORTAL HORROR..."

COME ERIC! DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE ME? WHERE IS YOUR LOYALTY? WHERE IS YOUR LOVE? HA, HA!

YAAAAH! GET BACK! D-DON'T TOUCH ME! I-I'LL KILL YOU!



I'LL CHOKE THE EVIL BREATH OUT OF YOUR ROTTED THROAT! I-I'LL SMASH YOUR FACE IN! LEAVE ME ALONE! LEAVE ME ALONE!



"I MUST HAVE FAINTED. THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS LYING PROPPED UP AGAINST THE WALL OF MY ROOM, GLIBBERING WITH HORROR. 'T WAS DAWN. OF THAT WEIRD APPARITION, THERE WAS NO TRACE..."

THIS WAS NO DREAM! IT WAS REAL--REAL...MUST WARN EVERYONE... MUST BE PROTECTED...



HOW DOES ONE TELL HIS MEN--MEN WHO HAVE BEEN THROUGH BITTER WAR CAMPAIGNS WITH HIM-- THAT OUR FUHRER IS HERE? WAS IT A NIGHTMARE--OR AM I INSANE?



A FEW HOURS LATER ERIC HAUSNER, NOW RELAXED AFTER RELATING HIS TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE TO DR. GERHARDT, SITS IN HIS LIBRARY WRITING...

WHAT IS IT HANS? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

COME QUICKLY, MY COLONEL! CARL--HE... HAS HANGED HIMSELF!



THE TWO MEN RACED DOWN THE CASTLE THROUGH A CORRIDOR TO THE DUNGEONS USED CENTURIES AGO FOR PRISONERS--NOW LIVING QUARTERS FOR THE MEN. ERIC HAUSNER TRIED TO KEEP CALM...



UGH! THIS WAS HITLER'S FAVORITE TORTURE--THE ONE I APPLIED TO SO MANY OF MY PRISONERS IN THE CAMP! BUT WHY SHOULD CARL HANG HIMSELF? WHY?



WHY--DO YOU ASK, ERIC HAUSNER? YOU WERE OUR MASTER'S CHIEF HANGMAN! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON?

HANS--! DO YOU SEE THEM? THEY ARE WAITING TO GRAB ME!



THIS SHALL BE YOUR FATE! ONE AFTER ANOTHER WILL DIE! DEATH WILL COME CLOSER AND CLOSER--AND YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE! OUR MASTER WARNED YOU LONG AGO...TAKE HEED! HA, HA, HA!

AAAAIIIEEEE! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



COLONEL! WHERE ARE YOU GOING! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? SURELY YOU ARE JOKING--?

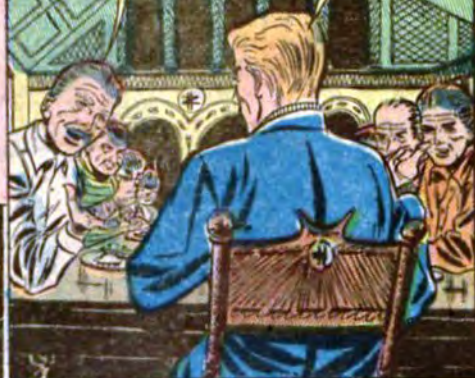
N--NO! BAR THAT DOOR, HANS! DON'T LET ANY OF THOSE CREATURES OUT OF THERE ON YOUR LIFE! KEEP THEM AWAY FROM ME!



HOURS PASSED, AND ERIC HAUSNER MADE PREPARATIONS TO LEAVE THE CASTLE FOR GOOD. BUT THE NIGHT OF THE LAST DINNER, THE MANY GRUESOME EXPERIENCES CONTINUED...

YOU LOOK PALE TONIGHT, ERIC! HAS ANYTHING ELSE STRANGE HAPPENED?

NOT SINCE HANS FOUND CARL HANGING DEAD IN HIS ROOM... I'M LEAVING THIS CURSED PLACE, DOCTOR! WE'RE ALL LEAVING!



SUDDENLY ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE ROOM WERE SNUFFED OUT...

ERIC HAUSNER! WE HAVE COME FOR YOU! YOUR TIME DRAWS NEAR! OUR MASTER CALLS! HA, HA, HA!

EEEEEEEEEE!!



EXCELLENCY-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

Y-YES... BUT-- GERHARDT! OH, GOTT IN HIMMEL! LOOK AT GERHARDT!



HORRORS! THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN GARROTED! COLONEL-- THAT WAS YOUR OWN PERSONEL METHOD FOR STRANGLING YOUR PRISONERS! BUT WHO HAS DONE THIS DEED?



DIDN'T YOU SEE? ARE YOU BLIND? IT WAS-- THE FUHRER! HE HAS COME BACK FOR ALL OF US! HE AND HIS CREATURES WAIT FOR US! HURRY LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

COLONEL--! KARLSON AND ANDERS ARE DEAD OUTSIDE! THEY'VE BEEN GARROTED!



MINUTES LATER THE TERRIFIED GROUP RUSHED HEADLONG, TOWARDS THE CASTLE GATES, DETERMINED TO FLEE-- BUT NOW AN EVEN GREATER MENACE THREATENED THEM!

SIR--! THE BRIDGE TO THE MAINLAND HAS BEEN WASHED OUT! WE CANNOT LEAVE. WE SHALL ALL DROWN!

THEN INSIDE-- QUICK! I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND SHELTER FROM THIS FLOOD!



THE DESPERATE GROUP NOW RUSHED BACK DOWN THE CASTLE STEPS INTO A CAVERN OF WEIRD SURROUNDINGS -- A CAVERN THAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE BURIAL GROUNDS FOR THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE...



FOLLOW ME--AND WE WILL WAIT HERE UNTIL MORNING. WE SHALL BE SAFE FROM THE FLOOD!

NOT EVEN THE DEMONS CAN GET THROUGH THIS RING OF GUNS!



FOURS LATER, THE MEN SAT QUIETLY IN SMALL, TENSE GROUPS, TALKING IN LOW UNDERTONES. OVERHEAD, THE EVERCONSTANT MOISTURE DRIPPED AND OOOZED THROUGH WALLS GREEN WITH SLIME AND AGE... THEN--

I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S BEEN ACTING LATELY! LISTEN TO HIM!

MEN--IT IS HE! DON'T YOU SEE HIM! HITLER'S HEAD APPROACHES US, LOOK!!



HA, HA, HA... YOU HAVE TRIED TO FLEE FROM ME AGAIN, HAUSNER! WHEN WILL YOU AND YOUR MEN LEARN THAT IT IS HOPELESS?

YAAAAH! ADOLPH HITLER--! COLONEL HAUSNER WAS RIGHT! IT IS THE FUHRER!



NO! DON'T BE DECEIVED! THIS IS SOME HORRIBLE SUPERNATURAL CREATURE MASQUERADING AS THE FUHRER! SHOOT IT DOWN, YOU FOOLS! IF YOU CAN NOW SEE IT-- SHOOT!



BUT BULLETS DID NOT AFFECT THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS THAT ROSE ROTTED AND NAUSEATING FROM THE GRAVES OF THE BURIAL GROUND! HITLER LEADS A NEW ARMY OF THE DAMNED -- BUT THIS ARM... CAME FROM THE BEYOND...

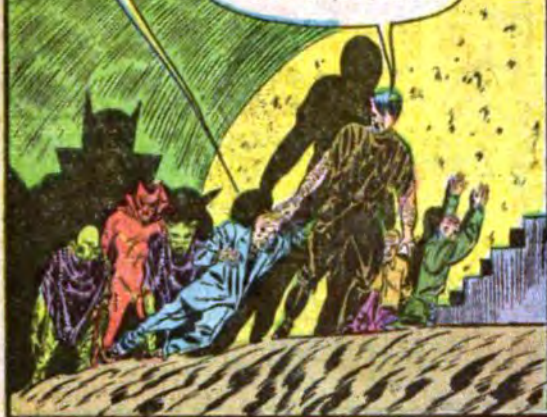


HAUSNER--! I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!-- BACK TO WHERE YOU BELONG! HA! HA! HA!

KILL THEM! KILL THEM!

NO! PLEASE! FUHRER--
I--I BEG YOUR
FORGIVENESS! LET
ME GO! AIIIEE!

TOO LATE, ERIC! MY PETS
AWAIT TO TAKE YOU BACK
WITH THEM! AND I--WHILE I
AM THEIR MASTER--I TOO
HAVE MY OWN MASTER! LOOK
BEHIND YOU, ERIC!



TELL ME THIS
IS UNREALITY!
OH--SPARE ME
THIS FATE!
SOB...SOB...

HE HAS BEEN
DELIVERED,
MASTER! THERE
NOW REMAIN
BUT A FEW
MORE!

WELL DONE, SERVANT!
GO ABOUT YOUR
BUSINESS! I HAVE
SPECIAL DELIGHTS
FOR OUR NEWEST
MEMBER! WELCOME,
ERIC--WELCOME TO
HADES! HA, HA!



SO THE
SCREAMS
DIED DOWN--
AND THE
HELLISH
NOISES
SUBSIDED
ALONG WITH
THE WAILING
OF THE WIND
AND THE
WHINING OF
TREE-BRANCHES
BENT DOUBLE,
CEASED.
NEXT
MORNING,
THE LOCAL
POLICE
RODE
TOWARDS
THE
CASTLE...

THE VILLAGERS REPORTED
NOISES, EL CAPITAN! THE
CASTLE IS OWNED BY
A FOREIGNER--ONE
EMILO HARODA!

BUENO!
LET'S SEE IF
THE SENIOR
IS SAFE! HURRY
MEN!



MINUTES LATER, THE POLICE FOUND THE
DESTRUCTION AND DESOLATION INSIDE THE
GRIM WALLS. THEN ONE OF THEM ACCIDENTALLY
DISCOVERS THE PASSAGEWAY TO THE CAVERNS...

AHA! THIS IS THE OLD CORRIDOR
OF THE DOOMED! PERHAPS
THE OWNER TOOK REFUGE
HERE LAST NIGHT!

COME
THEN!
LEAD THE
WAY,
PEPITE!



THIS IS A HORRIFYING
SIGHT! EL CAPITAN--
WE'RE IN THE SIGHT
OF THE DAMNED!

AY! LOOK AT
THEIR FACES!
LOOK AT
THEIR
FACES!



FOR THERE LYING TWISTED IN WRETCHED
DEATH, WAS ERIC HAUSNER AND HIS
MEN--STARING--AND HORRIBLE--
ALL WITH THE HEAD OF ADOLPH
HITLER ETCHED ON THEIR FACES--



The moving finger
writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all
your pity nor wit,
Shall lure it back
to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears
wash out a word
of it!



IF HENRY MASON
THOUGHT THAT THE
PAYMISTRESS WAS
BEAUTIFUL, HE
HADN'T MET....

The WAGE- EARNERS

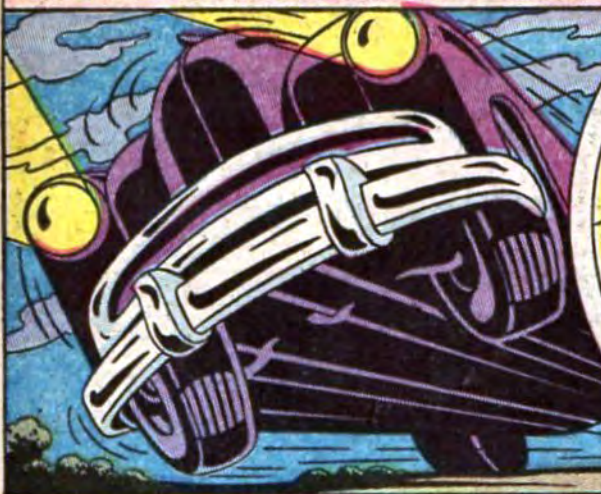


THIS PLACE GIVES
ME THE CREEPS!



THERE'S AN EERINESS
HANGING IN THE AIR THAT
I DON'T LIKE! SOMETHINGS
WRONG! I CAN FEEL IT!

"...GOT TO GET UP ENOUGH SPEED AND GET OUT OF THIS SWAMP! IT'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE A MAN CRAZY!"



HEAVENS!
THERE'S A GIRL...
SHE'S IN MY WAY!
...I CAN'T STOP!!



HORRORS!
I'VE HIT HER!
GOT TO STOP...



SCREEECCH

I'VE KILLED HER! I'VE
GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE -- BUT...



I'VE GOT TO WIPE
THIS -- WHAT IS IT?
IT'S STICKY LIKE
BLOOD, BUT IT'S
GREEN---



HELLO--

YOU GAVE
ME QUITE
A BUMP!

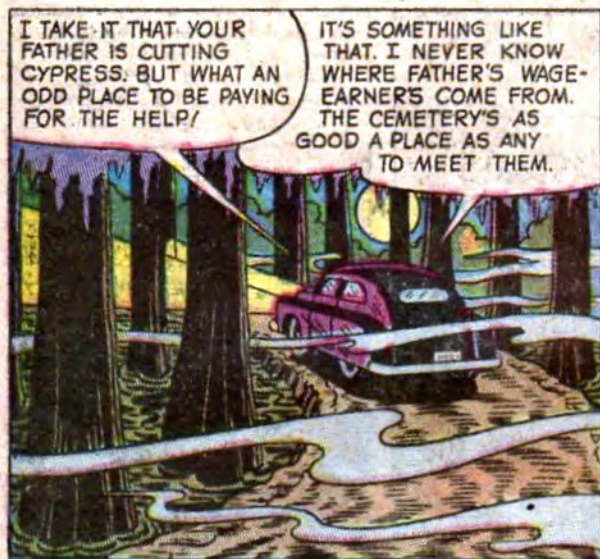
WHAT?..



THEN I DIDN'T KILL
YOU? IN FACT, I
DIDN'T EVEN
SOIL YOUR
DRESS!

OH, YOU RUINED MY
CLOTHES, BUT I HAD
OTHERS IN MY SUIT-
CASE! I CHANGED BE-
FORE COMING HERE INTO
THE LIGHT!

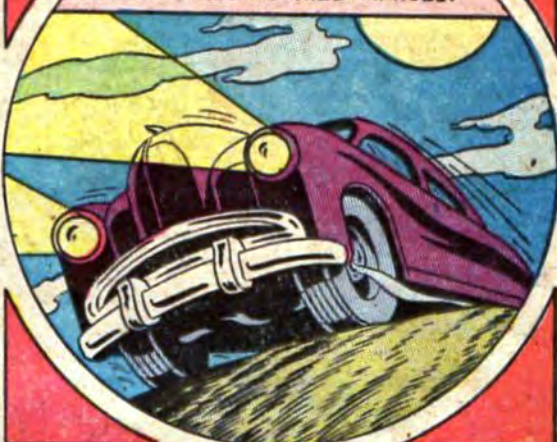




TURNING THE HUGE CAR BACK TO THE HIGHWAY HENRY MASON AGAIN HEADED TOWARD HIS DESTINATION. EVILNESS WAS ALL AROUND HIM.



AN EVILNESS WAS HIS COMPANION AS HE DROVE TOWARD AN UNSUSPECTING BUT WORRIED FIANCEE!



BUT LITTLE DID HENRY MASON SUSPECT THAT EVILNESS WAS DESTINED TO BE HIS UNDOING, EVEN THOUGH IT SAT BESIDE HIM AND WAS IN HIS HEART DURING THE LONG RIDE.



HERE AT LAST. NOW FOR THE DIRTY WORK!



BUT EVEN AS HENRY MASON RANG THE DOORBELL TO CALL ON HIS TRUSTING DATE, HE SENSED A SINISTER FEELING THAT OVERPOWERED HIM...



CASTING HIS FEARS TO ONE SIDE... HE ENTERED THE HOUSE!

OH, HENRY, I WAS SO WORRIED WHEN YOU DIDN'T COME!

I WAS DELAYED, DARLING. IS EVERYTHING READY?



I'VE DRAWN ALL MY MONEY FROM THE BANK, DEAREST. HERE IT IS!

GOOD! AND THE CARDS?



YES, I HAVE THEM ALL HERE! LISTEN TO THIS: "DEAR COUSIN BLANCHE: HENRY AND I ARE SO HAPPY! WE ARE SPENDING A FEW DAYS AT NIAGARA FALLS!"



IT WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS -- YOUR SUGGESTING THAT WE WRITE ALL OUR CARDS BEFORE LEAVING, DEAR! NOW WE CAN SPEND EVERY MINUTE OF OUR TIME TOGETHER!



THEN LET'S GO, SWEETHEART. IF YOU WANT YOUR OLD FAMILY PASTOR TO PERFORM THE CEREMONY, WE'LL HAVE TO DRIVE ALL NIGHT TO REACH HIS PRESENT PARISH.

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!



IT'S ODD, HENRY, THAT HAVING LIVED AROUND HERE ALL YOUR LIFE, YOU SHOULD INSIST ON DRIVING BACK TO THESE SWAMPS TODAY!

I REALLY NEVER HAD TIME TO VISIT THEM, MY LOVE, AND THOUGHT I OUGHT TO BEFORE DRIVING NORTH. LET'S GET OUT OF THE CAR!



HERE DEEP IN THE SWAMPLAND, YOU CAN FEEL THE POWER OF NATURE!

IT'S ACTUALLY SPOOKY! I'D BE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH IF I WEREN'T WITH YOU!



HENRY, YOU'RE PRESSING MY THROAT! HENRY, YOU'RE CHOKING--- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?--- HENRY!--

YOU GET THE IDEA!





TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH--A STACK OF POST CARDS TO THROW RELATIVES OFF THE TRACK! I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SEE MY LITTLE BEAUTY OF THE SWAMPS!



I KNEW YOU'D COME, HENRY. I WANT YOU TO MEET THE REST!

I GOT HERE AS FAST AS I COULD.



HELLO, EVERY-ONE! THIS IS HENRY!

HENRY!

LET US FEEL HIM!

HENRY!



YES! FEEL HIM! FEEL HIM! THIS IS HENRY!

AWK!!

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HIM!



HERE, LET ME HAVE THAT, MY DEAR! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THESE SUB-HUMAN CREATURES!

OH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM! THEY'RE JUST FATHER'S WAGE-EARNERS!!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOUR FATHER'S---
SAY, WHAT'S ALL THIS GREEN OOZE?
IT ISN'T BLOOD-- IT'S THE
SAME STUFF THAT WAS
ON THE BUMPER OF
MY CAR!

WAIT-- I HEAR
FATHER COMING
FROM THE SWAMP!
LET'S GO AND MEET HIM!



FATHER! I'VE ANOTHER
WAGE-EARNER!
HENRY MASON!



HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S
ALL THIS ABOUT? I DON'T
WORK FOR YOUR
FATHER!

WHO
SAID YOU
DID?



THEN WHAT
WAGES ARE
YOU TALK-
ING ABOUT?

WHY, THE
WAGES OF
SIN--
DEATH!



ARGH-H-H-H-H!



HERE IS HENRY, FATHER!
HE'LL FIND OTHER WAGE-
EARNERS FOR YOU, FOR
HE REALLY RECOG-
NIZES-- SIN!!



A GOOD SPECIMAN! A
GOOD SPECIMAN
INDEED!

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO
GET OUT OF THIS UGLY
MASQUERADE OUTFIT
AND FEEL NATURAL FOR
A CHANGE!



THE END



SEATED opposite one another in the luxurious smoking lounge of the Explorers Club in New York City, were Howard Henderson and Walter Winston. Only qualified world-wide explorers known to the National Geographic Society were allowed to be members of the club. Henderson and Winston were charter members. Both were older men, straight as a ramrod, tanned from the wind and outdoors. They were handsome enough to pass for mature motion picture actors of the muscular out-door type.

The two famous men had finished their dinner and were seated quietly smoking, while they sipped their after-dinner brandy. Henderson was the first to speak after putting down his drink.

"Walter," he inquired suddenly, "what would you call the most interesting experience you found during your thirty years of exploring?"

Winston puffed on his cigar, meditated for a moment, then started to talk.

"Have you ever heard of the Cave of the Bats?" he asked. "What would you think if I were to tell you that right here in the United States you will find a cave so huge that every night millions, not hundreds or thousands, but millions and millions of bats fly out to scourge the countryside for food and water, ransack farms, kill small animals, and even attack humans, then, when the morning sun starts to rise, return to their grimy hole and again wait for night to fall and repeat the flight? Millions I say!"

Henderson's eyebrows pinched together in disbelief as he pulled on his pipe. He answered quietly.

"Sounds rather far-fetched, Walter, but I suppose there is such a place, though I'll admit I've never visited it. You should know! Where is it?"

"You're a real American, Howard. You've been to every strange land and visited every

weird city, yet you have never been to one of the greatest wonders of the world that is right here in the good old United States."

"That's right, Walter. But you're mistaken—I have visited our country. All of it! But I don't remember a cave so huge that it is the grandfather of all batland, where millions of bats come out at night to roam the countryside!"

"Want to hear about it?" Walter Winston asked Henderson, as he hunched down in his leather chair, relaxing with his pony of brandy. Without waiting for Henderson's reply, he started to relate his story.

"Not many years ago, shortly after the turn of the century, a lone cowboy, named Buck Wilson, was riding the range-land in New Mexico looking for stray mavericks. Toward evening, feeling tired from hours in the saddle, he got off his horse and squatted on the ground to roll a cigarette. Looking over a small dune near some trees he noticed a bat fly out of a hole in the slope just about large enough to walk into standing up. Tying his lariat to his saddle, he inched into the natural cave as far as the end of the rope. The hole was pitch black and he was too terrified to go farther without more rope to guide his return. Forty or fifty feet, that was about as far as he went, but it was enough for him. He felt restless movement all around him and rightly suspected more bats.

"When he returned to the ranch, he told his foreman and the owner about the discovery. Some days later they returned equipped with ropes, torches, and other equipment for an extensive exploration. But even by tying hundreds of feet of rope together, they still could not find an end to the mysterious cave. And the light of the torches revealed an endless sea of bats—millions and millions—beyond belief. Weeks later they got thousands of feet of rope, and even then they could not reach the end of the strange tunnels. It was winter now and there were no bats. The cave became

Continued on next page

Continued from preceding page

a local curiosity for many years and it was finally determined that this cave was the summer home of millions and millions of bats. No one knew where the cave ended, where it went, how long it was, how deep, and what caused the weird series of tunnels they could see from their limited investigations."

"Where is this place," Henderson asked. "Your story fascinates me."

"Resting in the foothills of the Guadalupe Mountains of Southeastern New Mexico, twenty-seven miles from the city of Carlsbad. The United States Government, Department of Parks, took over the mysterious cavern some years ago..."

"How big is it?" Henderson asked.

"So big," Winston replied, "that only seven miles have been mapped and are passable, although thirty-two miles have been explored. However, trails and lighting have not been set up in all the explored areas. No one knows how many miles of unexplored caverns remain. The entrance cave is one of the largest, and it enters into another still larger, and another, just as you would go from room to room in a house, each large, large enough to place buildings like Madison Square Garden or the Coliseum. So huge they are unbelievable, filled with mysterious crags and drippings."

"But how do you see the rooms in the dark?" Henderson queried.

"The entire seven miles are now open to the public and electric-lighted. There are even lunch rooms 750 feet below the surface, rest rooms, first aid stations, offices, elevators, every modern convenience. The rooms or caverns, now explored and open to the public have been named the King's Chamber, the Queen's Chamber, Papoose Chamber and the Green Lake Room. Can you imagine an underground cavern large enough to have a lake? Seems unbelievable, doesn't it?"

"Walter," Henderson said, "you've aroused



my curiosity. I must visit this strange place in New Mexico. You know, 'see America first' was always my motto."

"You'll never regret it," Winston replied. "It's quite a sight. Why, the Big Room in the cavern is 4000 feet long. That's nearly one mile. There are over two-and-one half miles of trail in it alone. And that's not all, when they get through exploring the present level, and there is no telling how many years that will take, there are two more levels farther down that experts claim are even more extensive than the ones now open. What do you think of that?"

"Some cave, I'd say, and some story too, Walter, what's the name of the place? Cave of the Bats, you say?"

"No, Howard, that's what the Indians used to call the cave. But it is now called The Carlsbad Caverns, and I urge you to see it. One of the great wonders of the world, you know! You may have heard about it for years, read books or pamphlets or articles about it, but no words can capture its mystery."

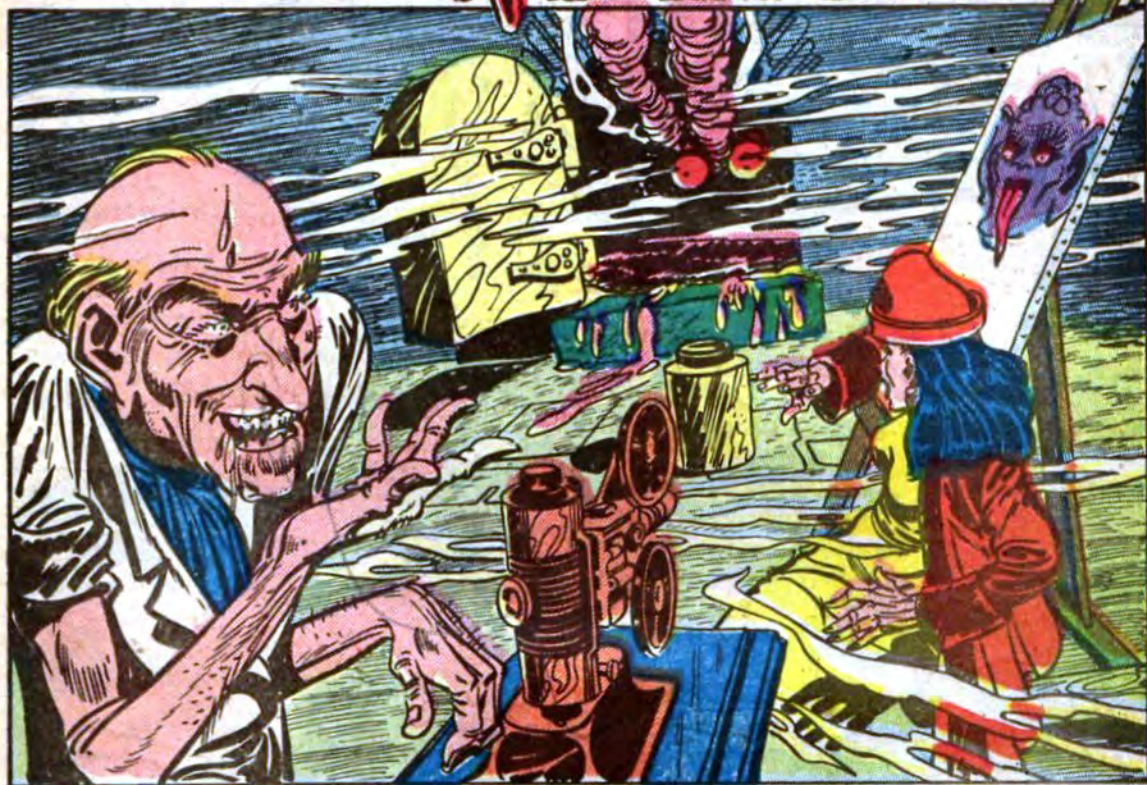
"But, Walter," Henderson said, "what is the mystery?"

"The mystery, Howard, is the mystery of time. Who knows how old the world is? And who knows the secret of the cave? No one knows! No one knows what weird and terrible phenomena of nature caused it—earthquake, underground explosion, underground landslide—who knows? You can see seven miles of it—but there are miles and miles and miles of strange mysterious underground passages, filled with queer animals, strange birds, even blind fish, each unknown to the world and seldom seen by human eyes. Where did the millions of bats come from and where do they so mysteriously go and why return each summer to the same ageless and endless caverns in spite of the now endless stream of visitors there each year? Maybe, even hundreds of years from now, the entire cavern will not have revealed all its mysteries. Dangerous and mysterious—the unexplored—but in time—ah, the mystery of time..."

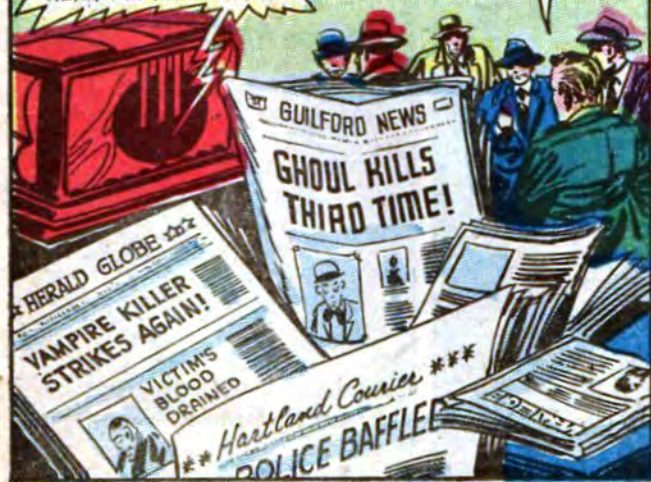
THE END



PORTRAIT DEATH



HELLO PAT. YEAH
THE SAME THING!
VICTIM DEAD... DRAINED OF
BLOOD AND NO CLUES!



IT'S SO HORRIBLE AND

THAT MAN WITH THE
SATCHEL! I WONDER IF
HE HAS ANY CONNECTION?



BYE NOW JIM! I--I HAVE
TO GET BACK AND WRITE
MY STORY.

HMMM! THERE GOES A
SMART REPORTER--AND IT'S
JUST POSSIBLE SHE'S GOT
ON TO SOMETHING WE'VE MISS-
ED. LET'S FOLLOW HER, PETE!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

WELL, MISS BLOODHOUND,
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHEW! JIM, YOU
STARTLED ME! CANT A
GIRL DO A JOB BY
HERSELF? BUT AS LONG
AS YOU'RE HERE, LISTEN
TO THIS--

I FOLLOWED A MAN
CARRYING A SATCHEL
FROM THE SCENE OF
THE CRIME TO THIS HOUSE
--AND GUESS WHOSE
PLACE IT IS!

I KNOW. IT'S ERIC
GILMAN'S, THE MAN WHO
PAINTS ALL THE PICTURES
OF OGRES AND MONSTERS.
AN INTERESTING
COINCIDENCE!



OH, STOP! HE WOULDN'T
BE THE MURDERER--
PROBABLY JUST COL-
LECTING LOCAL COLOR.
I'M GOING TO INTERVIEW
HIM AND GET HIS
VIEWS ON THE
MURDERS. AND
DONT HANG AROUND
TO SPOIL MY PLANS!

OKAY, HONEY
I'LL GIVE YOU
FIFTEEN
MINUTES.
THEN I'M
COMING IN--

AND A MOMENT LATER...

A REPORTER, EH? YOU ARE
CURIOUS ABOUT MY PICTURES.
I SUPPOSE? WELL, I CAN
SPARE TEN MINUTES. COME
IN, WILL YOU PLEASE?

IF SHE DOESN'T COME
OUT ON TIME--WE'RE
GOING AFTER HER. I
DONT LIKE THIS
PLACE!

I KNOW
WHAT YOU
MEAN!



MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE HOUSE...

MR. GILMAN, I'VE HEARD PEOPLE ASK HOW YOU GET SUCH LIFELIKE FEELING INTO YOUR IMAGINARY SUBJECTS --AND KNOW I KNOW WHAT THEY MEAN.

IMAGINARY? WHO'S TO SAY THESE CREATURES DO NOT EXIST?

OH, PLEASE! YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE--

WHY NOT? LOOK AT THIS ONE. OUR ANCESTORS BELIEVED IN THEM, ESPECIALLY HERE IN NEW ENGLAND. THE AIR AND THE EARTH WERE RUMORED TO BE FULL OF OGRES, GARGOYLES AND ALL SORTS OF WEIRD BEINGS



MR. GILMAN, I REALLY CAME TO ASK YOUR OPINION ABOUT--

THE TIME! I'M SORRY, MY DEAR, YOU MUST LEAVE, PLEASE. IMMEDIATELY!

HAGER FOR A STORY, PAT STALLS UNTIL...

--AND MY READERS WOULD LOVE TO KNOW--OH! WHAT WAS THAT?

I TOLD YOU TO GO, YOU LITTLE FOOL!



ALRIGHT, MR. GILMAN I'LL GO!

HA! HA! TOO LATE MY DEAR! NOW YOU MUST STAY. YOU'VE COME TO LEARN A LITTLE ABOUT ME--NOW YOU WILL LEARN ALL! HE-HE-HE!

COME--THIS WAY, MY DEAR, AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY PRIVATE WORKROOM!

BUT I'D RATHER NOT-- IS HE CRAZY? WELL, I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'LL SCREAM LIKE A SILLY FOOL!

THERE! NOW YOU SHALL SEE THINGS THAT NO PERSON OF YOUR GENERATION HAS EVER SEEN.

PLEASE! I WANT TO GO--



MR. GILMAN! WHY ARE YOU LOCKING THE DOOR? LOOK AT THAT BRICKED-OVER ARCHWAY! IT USED TO CONNECT WITH THE ACTUAL TUNNELS AND SEWERS THAT OUR ANCESTORS BELIEVED WERE INHABITED BY DEMONS!



SEE? HA-HA! I HAVE A MOVIE CAMERA TO RECORD THE ACTIONS OF MY MODELS! AND HERE ON THE EASEL, IS MY LATEST SUBJECT! NOW ARE YOU BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND? PLEASE, MR. GILMAN-- UNLOCK THE DOOR!



AND LAST, BUT OF MOST IMPORTANCE, THE BAIT! AH, YES-- THE BAIT!



THE BLACK BAG! THAT'S-- THAT'S--!

RIGHT! IT'S BLOOD! AND NOW A MERE PUSH OF THE BUTTON-- HA-HA-HA!



...AND WE DISCOVER THAT THE ARCHWAY STILL CONNECTS WITH THE ANCIENT TUNNELS!

WHY, YOU'RE MAD!... YOU ARE THE KILLER E-I-E-E-E



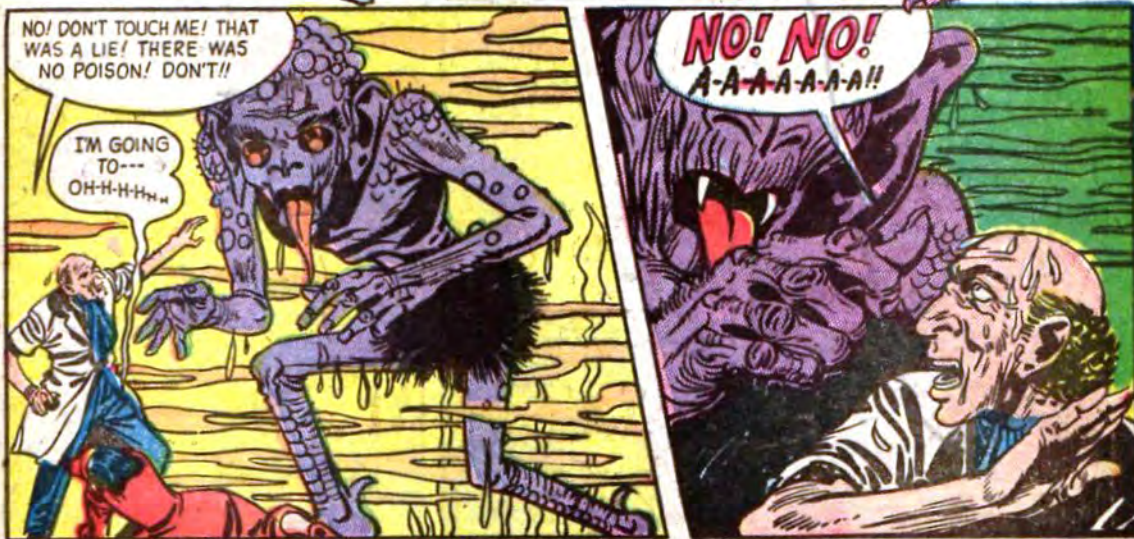
WHAT IS--? THERE'S SOMETHING--!

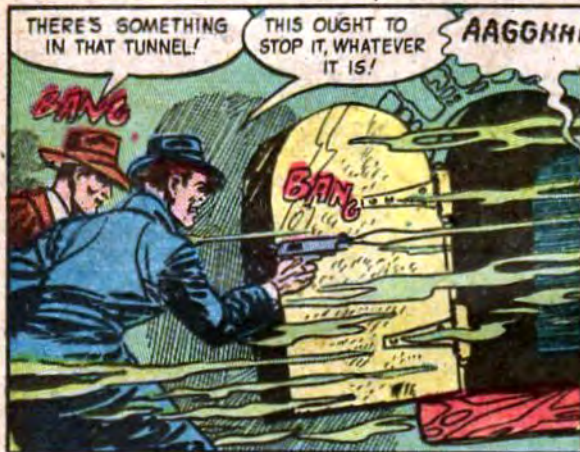
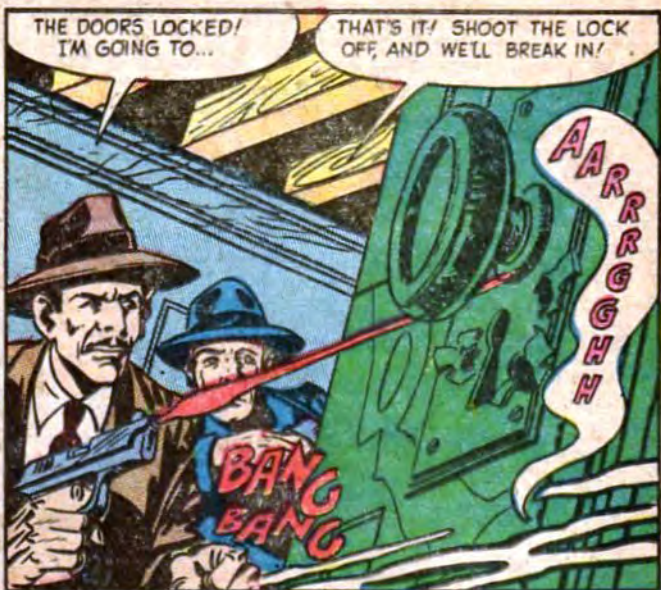
RIGHT! RIGHT! THERE'S SOME THING WATCH CLOSELY!



NOW YOU CAN SEE WHY THE SUBJECTS OF MY PAINTINGS LOOK ALIVE--!







END SQ. A MOMENT LATER...



NOW DO YOU BELIEVE ME?

IT--IT IS REAL!

WOWW! FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER WAS A PIKER COMPARED TO THAT!

THIS IS WHERE THE MONSTER UNDERSTOOD ABOUT THE POISON.

THANK HEAVENS HE WASN'T SORE AT YOU!



BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO GILMAN?

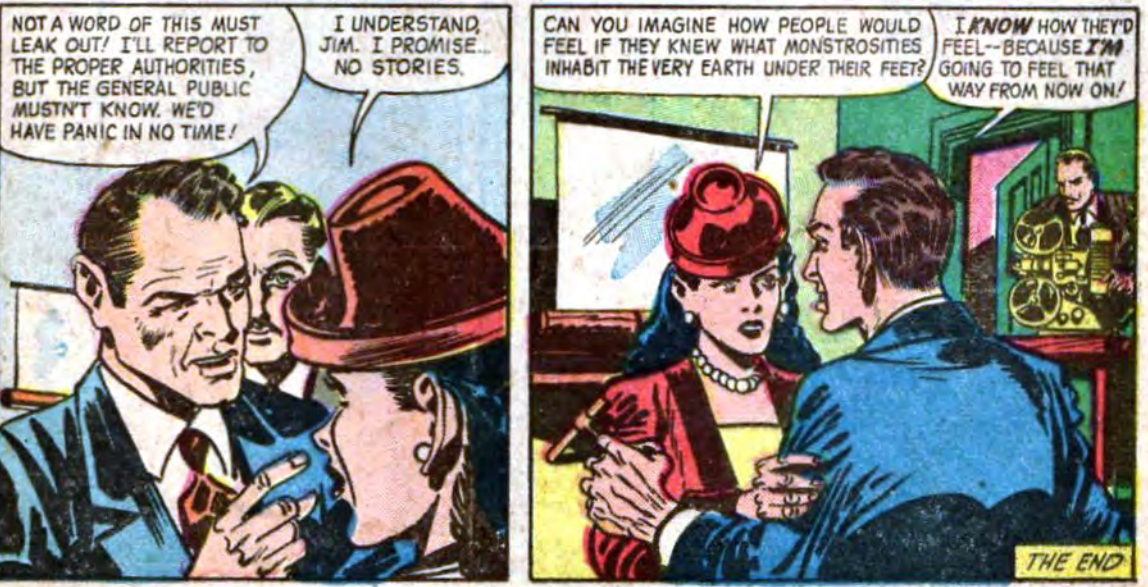
I DON'T KNOW-- I PASSED OUT. MAYBE WE'LL SEE IT NOW!

THIS MUST BE JUST BEFORE WE CAME IN, PETE!

OH!! I CAN'T LOOK!

AT LEAST WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO GILMAN. BRRRRR!!

ENOUGH.. TURN IT OFF, PETE. NOW LISTEN TO ME, YOU TWO--



NOT A WORD OF THIS MUST LEAK OUT! I'LL REPORT TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES, BUT THE GENERAL PUBLIC MUSTN'T KNOW. WE'D HAVE PANIC IN NO TIME!

I UNDERSTAND, JIM. I PROMISE... NO STORIES.

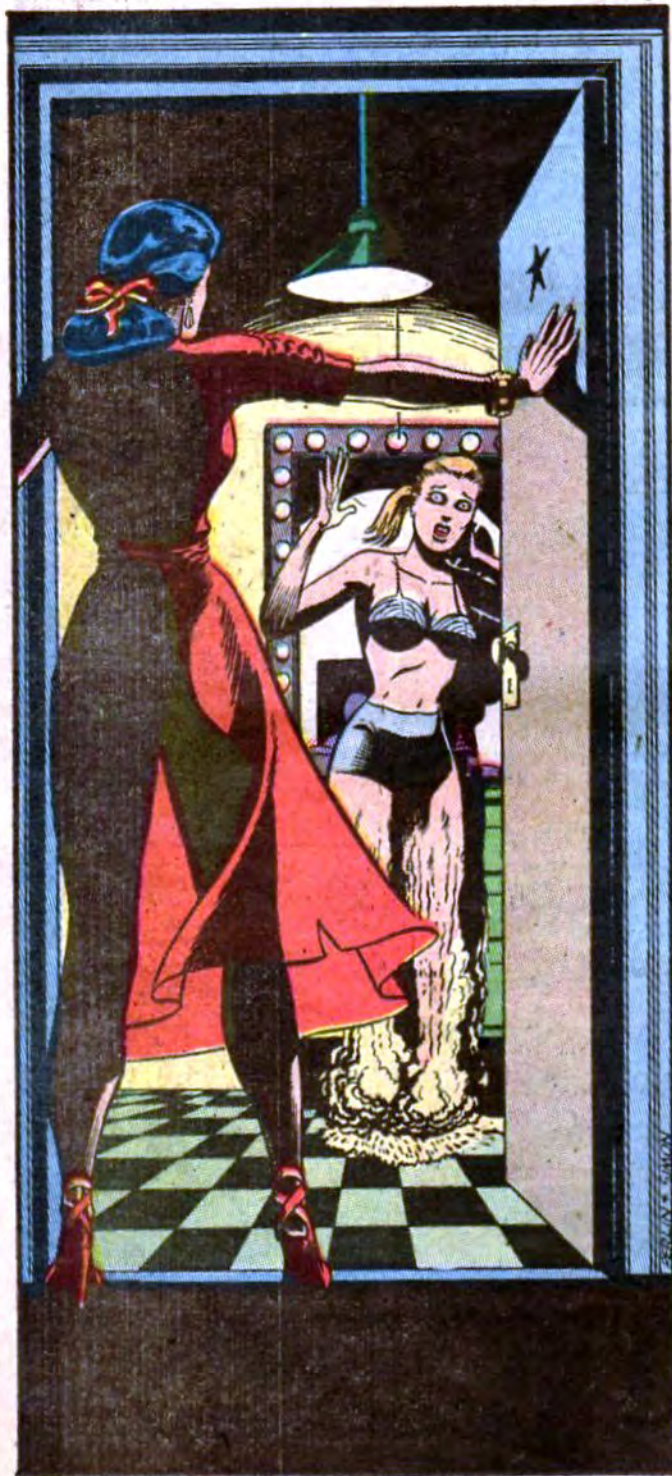
CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW PEOPLE WOULD FEEL IF THEY KNEW WHAT MONSTROSITIES INHABIT THE VERY EARTH UNDER THEIR FEET?

I KNOW HOW THEY'D FEEL--BECAUSE I'M GOING TO FEEL THAT WAY FROM NOW ON!

THE END

Scorching Gypsy blood and a thirst for violent revenge flowed through the veins of beautiful Lucille Allesandro! But how was she to know that her dread family curse was easier to conjure than control!

THE INVISIBLE CURSE



IN A NEW YORK THEATRICAL OFFICE...

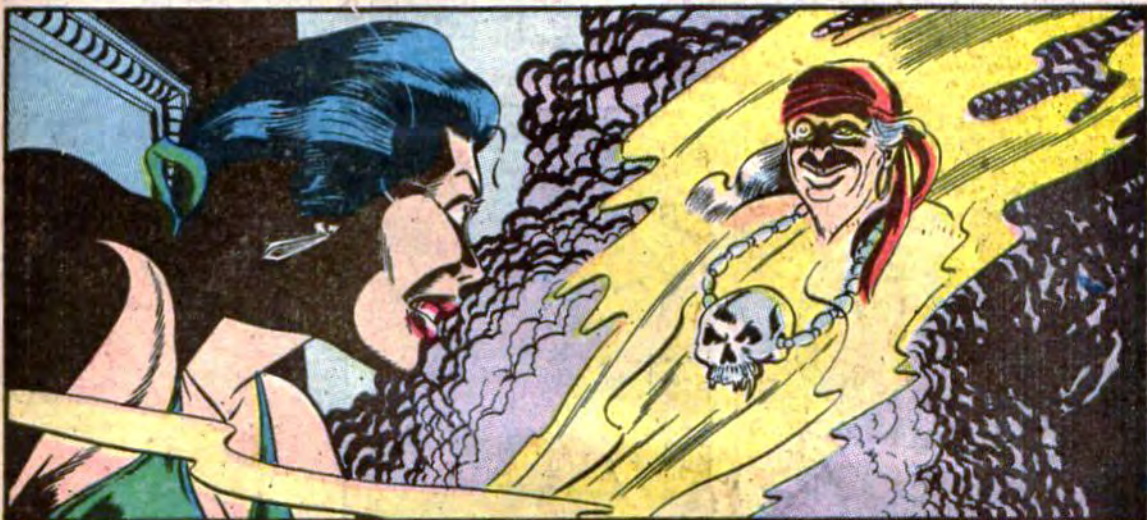


LUCILLE ALLESANDRO'S DETERMINATION TO GET THE PART IS INTENSE. THAT EVENING WHEN SHE RETURNS TO HER ROOM, SHE CALLS TO HER LONG DECEASED GYPSY GRANDMOTHER!

THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE WAITED FOR. NOTHING MUST STAND IN MY WAY! GRANDMA TANYA.... I NEED YOUR HELP!



OH, COME TO ME NOW, DEAR GRAND-MOTHER! PROVIDE ME WITH GUIDANCE AND A GOOD OMEN! COME NOW! BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON!



YOU'VE COME, GRANDMA! I NEED YOUR HELP.

I HEARD YOUR CALL, MY DEAR! AND YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!



GRANDMOTHER! YOU MEAN----

YES, MY CHILD! THE ROLE OF JULIET SHALL INDEED BE YOURS! NOW I MUST DEPART!



OH WONDERFUL! I KNEW IT! I'M GOING TO BE SHAKESPEARE'S JULIET!



AT THE AUDITION THE NEXT DAY, LUCILLE RECITES HER PART... CONFIDENTLY... AS IF THE TASK WERE A MERE FORMALITY!

ROMEO, OH ROMEO! WHEREFOR ART THOU RO----

THAT'S ENOUGH! MISS ALLESANDRO, I'M SORRY...!

YOU'RE SORRY! YOU FOOLS! NOBODY BUT LUCILLE ALLESANDRO CAN PORTRAY JULIET! YOUR SORROW HAS YET TO BEGIN!

BUT LUCILLE...! I----

THE REJECTED ACTRESS STORMS BACK TO HER ROOM, BRIMMING WITH VENOMOUS HATE!

GORDON MILES AND KAREN GARNETT! THEY'LL LIVE TO REGRET THE WRONG THEY'VE DONE! OH! GRANDMOTHER! IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, COME!

REVENGE! I MUST HAVE MY REVENGE ON THEM!



GRANDMOTHER TANYA! I----

I KNOW MY DEAR! YOU HAVE BEEN WRONGED BY THOSE STUPID IDIOTS! BUT YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR REVENGE! YOU MAY USE THE **INVISIBLE CURSE!** BUT BEWARE OF ITS POWER, MY CHILD!

THE INVISIBLE CURSE! HA-HA! THOSE BLUNDERING FOOLS DESERVE NOTHING LESS! HA-HA!

HEE-HEE! THEY SHALL PAY! NOW I MUST LEAVE YOU, MY CHILD!



ARMED WITH THE DREAD INVISIBLE CURSE...FOR CENTURIES THE ALLESANDRO CLANS MOST POTENT WEAPON, THE CRAZED ACTRESS RETURNS TO THE OFFICE OF GORDON MILES!

WHY, LUCILLE! I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU!

NOR DO YOU EXPECT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU NOW, GORDON MILES!

BY MY GREAT ANCESTORS! THE CURSE OF INVISIBILITY IS ON YOU!

WHAT DO YOU-- WHAT?!

HAVING PLACED THE FIENDISH CURSE UPON THE PRODUCER, THE LUST-RIDDEN LUCILLE ALLESANDRO GLEEFULLY WATCHES ITS FANTASTIC ACTION!

MY FEET! THEY'RE..... AIEEEEE!

NO! NO!

AIIIEEEEE! STOP IT --- PLEASE!
HA-HA-HA! THE CURSE, GORDON MILES! YOU HAVE EARNED IT!

MY THROAT! IT'S... AGGGRRRRRAAAHHHH!

DEAD AND GONE! EXCELLENT! HA-HA-HA! THE CURSE OF THE ALLESANDRO'S HAS VANQUISHED HIM!

GACKLING WITH DELIGHT, THE PERVERTED ACTRESS RETURNS TO HER ROOM!

BUT AS THE POISONOUS LUST WARPS HER, IT ALSO INFECTS HER ONCE BEAUTIFUL BODY!

HA-HA-HA! WHAT A FOOL MILES WAS TO DEFY THE POWER OF THE FAMILY CURSE! REVENGE!

MY SUPERB BEAUTY! IT'S GONE! BUT NO MATTER! I'M STILL ATTRACTIVE ENOUGH! AND NOW TO DEAL WITH KAREN GARNETT!

LUCILLE! WHAT'S----

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, KAREN! BUT NO MORE THAN I! THE INVISIBLE CURSE IS UP ON YOU! HA-HA-AH-AH! I SHALL PLAY JULIET!

AAAAAAAA! LUCILLE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE!

HA-HA!

MY LEGS! NO! NO!

AAAAAAAA! I'M....

THE CURSE, KAREN! GOODBYE, JULIET! HA-HA!



CHOKING... I'M.....!

BACK IN HER ROOM, THE DEVILISH WOMAN GLOATS OVER HER GRUESOME TRIUMPH!

THE CURSE WORKED PERFECTLY, GRANDMOTHER! I THANK YOU! BOTH THESE IDIOTS ARE DEAD!



AND NOW TO BRUSH UP ON THE ROLE OF JULIET! FOR THERE WILL BE ANOTHER AUDITION FOLLOWING KAREN'S STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE! HEE-HEE!



ROMEO, WHEREFORE ART THOU, ROMEO! APPEAR NOW OR I SHALL DIE! HA-HA! I'M AS BRILLIANT AS EVER! NOW TO ACT IT OUT BEFORE MY MIRROR!



AIIIIIEEE! NO! IT CANNOT BE ME! NOT THE BEAUTIFUL LUCILLE ALLESANDRO!



I'M RUINED! RUINED! IT'S ALL BEEN FOR NOTHING! I'M hideous! I CAN NEVER ACT AGAIN!



A FINE JULIET! THEY'D LAUGH ME OFF THE STAGE! I'M A BETTER GHOUL! AIIIIIEEE!



THIS INVISIBLE CURSE! LOOK AT ME NOW! AIIIEEE! GRANDMOTHER TANYA! YOU'RE TO BLAME!



YOU MEDDLING OLD FOOL!

WILD-EYED AND HYSTERICAL WITH RAGE, HER EVIL MIND SNAPS COMPLETELY!



I CANNOT GO THIS WAY! JULIET DIES IN THE PLAY! IF I COULDN'T LIVE THE ROLE, I CAN STILL DIE SIMILARLY!



AGGGGRRRRRAAAHHH!



AIIIEEEEE.....!

AND AS LUCILLE ALLESANDRO PLUNGES TO HER DEATH IN THE COURTYARD BELOW... THE FATEFUL POWER OF THE INVISIBLE CURSE CONTINUES TO PLAGUE HER!



THE END

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Cry
The Little White Cloud
That Cried
Charmaine
Anytime
Jealousy
Shrimp Boats

Be My Life's Companion
Please Mr. Sun
Bermude
Wheel of Fortune
Tiger Rag
Black Snake Blues
Mam Bone
Blue Tango
Perfidia

OR 18 HILL BILLY HITS

It Is No Secret
May the Good Lord Bless
and Keep You
Give Me More, More, More
Music Makin' Mama from
Memphis
Ain't We Really in Love

Sombody's Been Best-
in' My Time
Let Old Mother Nature
Have Her Way
Crazy Heart
Mom and Dad's Walts
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Wandering
Buckle of Southern
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Cryin' Heart Blues

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Onward, Christian Soldiers
What a Friend We Have
in Jesus
Church in the Wildwood
in the Garden
Faith of Our Fathers
There Is Power in the Blood
Lening on the Everlasting
Arms
Since Jesus Came Into
My Heart
Trust on Me

Jesus Keep Me Near the
Cross
Softly and Tenderly
Dear Lord and Father of
Mankind
A Mighty Fortress
Sun of My Soul
It Is No Secret What
God Can Do
May the Good Lord
Bless and Keep You
Just a Closer Walk with
Thee



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